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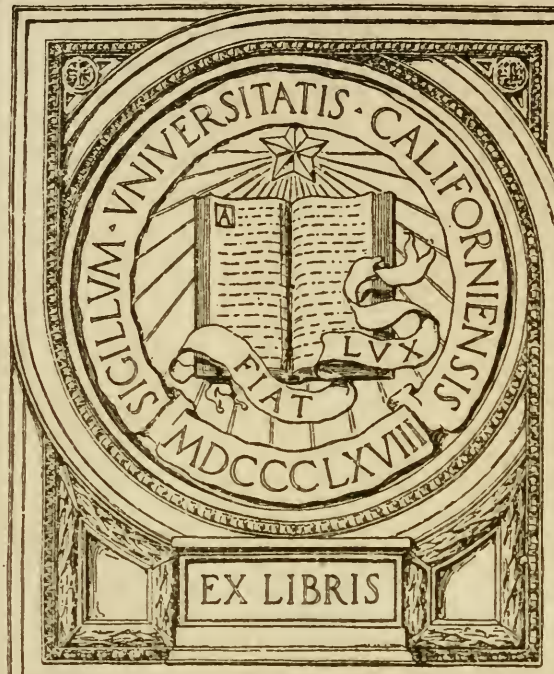
BALLADS:

CHANSONS.

CANDELENT PRICE

Knights of St. Patrick



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CELTIC BALLADS AND CHANSONS

BY

CANDELENT PRICE

'They shall be accounted poet-kings,
Who simply tell the most heart-easing things."
—*Keats.*

LONDON
ARTHUR HENRY STOCKWELL
29 LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

A. MORGAN PRICE

To the Memory of

L. T. C. P.

BEHOLD ! thy Soul is a Star Living ;
Rise up ! thou hast received thy Head ;
Thy limbs are knit up, negativing
Corruption. Know'st thou not the dead
Revolve in heaven, like Orion ?
Arise, exist, and germinate !
Thy members, thy knit flesh, rely on—
Flesh with soul resuscitate.

Thou the Omphalos of Future
Emanations of the Word !
Thou the Guarded, Safe Enclosure
Of th' Unembodied !—toward
Which the æons segregating,
Form the Holy Embryon ;
For which Universes waiting,
Cluster. Thou art such an one.

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Celtic Ballads

EMLYN

TALL are the pines in Emlyn wood
O welladay!
Many the covert green and good
AUTUMN BLOWS THE LEAVES AWAY.

A Lady came with footsteps slow
AH WELLADAY
When the winter night was loth to go
And the paths were streckit all with snow
SIX MONTHS WILL THE WINTER STAY.

She was claithed in the heavy black
AH WELLADAY
Heapit a burden on her back
A Dead Man. weary load, alack!
A CORPSE WILL NOT AWAY

She heavèd him a mile or more
AH WELLADAY
Past the freshet bleak and hoar
The setting moon sped on before
TO HASTEN UP THE DROWSY DAY.

There was a tomb within a tree
AH WELLADAY
An iron chest carved curiously
In that she placed him carefully
IN HIS EAR A SPELL DID SAY.

" Rest thee safe from kith and kin
AH WELLADAY
Free from fretting, purged from sin
Until I join thee, Urcelyn
IT WILL NOT BE A LONG DAY!

She combed his yellow ravelled hair
AH WELLADAY
And plaited it and placed it fair
Adown each cheek and weeping sair
THE WORMS WILL EAT THESE LOCKS AWAY!

She rowed him in the burning red
AH WELLADAY
And set the gold upon his head
Washed his face with the tears she shed
A KING HE IS FOR AYE!

And when the winter morn break in
AH WELLADAY
The forest tops of black Emlyn
With sparse regard and glinter thin
LESTLY SHE WENT AWAY.

In kirk that morn when Mass bells peal
AH WELLADAY
Beside the slayer did she kneel
And swore to love him true and leal
HEAVEN BLOW SUCH VOWS AWAY!

THE WOOD OF KARMADAC

A Celtic Ballad

The woods were dark, the woods were still,
(Mother in heaven, avert the ill !)
I walked into the forest dim,
And took a man to bury him !

I carried him upon my back
(Mother in heaven, alack, alack !)
By pine tree and by cypress black,
Thro' the wood of Karmadac !

I crossed the ferry, paid the toll
(Mother in heaven, save my soul !)
When I stood by a well-dug hole,
What was a man became a ghoul.

The creature on my back was fast
(Mother in heaven, to save make haste !)
I could nowise the fardel cast,
Oh, how my spirit was aghast !

Looking back his eyen I caught
(Mother in heaven, save the thought !)
His eye wide open seeing naught,
A weird spell upon me wrought.

Past the holts and the layland
(Mother in heaven, stretch thy hand !)
Till I saw a swarth cistran,
Where the miry mere drips ran,

O to gulf therein the sprite,
(Mother in heaven, save to-night !)
I dipt and whelmed him, but outright,
He rose and eyed me like a blight.

Then there came an echo clear
(Mother in heaven, listen and hear !)
I stood and quaked for fright and fear,
It was the voice of Chanticleer !

Oh early, glad and lucky fowl
(Mother in heaven, save my soul !)
From my shoulders dropt the ghoul,
And at cock-crow I was whole.

Then I traversed the greensward
(Mother in heaven, thy servant guard !)
Turned my face the light toward,
All my thoughts turned heavenward.

In the dun woods there is a hole
(Mother in heaven, save his soul !)
Covered in with turf and moul
Lies the man become a ghoul.

In his heart there is a stake
(Mother in heaven, for thy son's sake !)
Set and fixed and fit to break,
Oh, will he at the Judgement wake ?

KINTORE

Burd Orlis to the castle came,
Ycallèd of Kintore ;
" And is Earl Wenban hame," she asked,
" From Curran Maels war ? "

" Earl Wenban died a day agone," replied
The porter at the door.

" He lieth on his bed of state
Wi' a deep wound i' his breast ;
His lady mother at his side
Watches his long-drawn rest ;
His little brother at his feet
Plays wi' his crimson crest."

" And was he in the battle slain,
Right on the bloody field,
With twenty foemen pressing round
And he would never yield ?

And did his loving liegemen bring
Him hame on linden shield ? "

" O Lady, yesterday their swords
A hundred vassals wore,
But never to the battle went
The Vassal of Kintore.

" A day agone it was he died
And if it were not more ;

" He came home in the eventide
And to his mother said :
' I have a wound a fathom deep,
And must be put to bed ' ;

" And eftsoons he laid down on it,
And presently was dead."

Burd Orlis said : " What wound was this
Not gotten in the war ?
What secret enemy had struck
The Lord of Great Kintore ? "

O Lady Bright, he spoke of love
Who ever arrows bore,

" For in his breast was found a shaft
Not iron nor any steel,
Nor blood upon his bosom bright
Did any stab reveal ;
O Lady Bright, it was a wound
No mortal hand could heal ! "

Burd Orlis in that porter's face
Dealt out a reeling blow,
Across the threshold hurried she,
And up the stairs did go.
" 'Tis now," said she, " or not at all—
How shall I farther go ? "

The door was open and she saw,
Earl Wenban on his bed,
At his feet seven tall candles,
Seven candles at his head.
His lady mother at his side
Rose swiftly up and said :

" Burd Orlis, would were twenty leagues
Betwixt you and my son,
A thousand foes had he in field,
If he had any one :
Ten thousand spears have failed to do
What ye have swiftly done.
Now get ye home fu' soon ladye,
And trouble not my eye,
May ye have the Virgin's prayers
Whenever ye shall die.
" Now let me in," Burd Orlis cried,
" Or outside will I lie."

" Burd Orlis, I 'll not let you in,
So gang ye from the stair ;
I 'll leave you now and follow on
My intercepted prayer."
Burd Orlis lay down there all night
Outside the death chambére.

Soon in the morning came the priest,
Wi' cowl and sandalled feet,
The ladye mother oped the door
That holy man to greet.
But what was this white thing they saw
Alying at their feet ?

Earl Wenban lies dead on his bed,
Burd Orlis at his door ;
The mother and the monk bow'd down
And lift her from the floor.

KIRBY OF REARSDALE

Kirby of Rearsdale beside the bed
Of his belovèd wife
Fell on his knees and wept and said :
" Quenched is the light of life."

Kirby of Rearsdale's sorrow was loud :
" For death hath all I have."
They wrapt her in cerement cloth and shroud
And carried her to the grave.

Kirby of Rearsdale rose up at night,
Betook him where she lay,
Maugre fiend and ghoul, and worm and sprite
Dug through the mire and clay ;

Reach'd forth the coffin, his tears fell fast
  Down on the shrouded face ;
Said : " Desolate days and nights have pass'd
  Since they laid her i' this place."

He kissed the lips, kissed the eyes as well,
  Lifted a finger fair ;
There fell from her grasp—O fiends of hell !—
  A lock of dull red hair.

Arklow of Clanmackballeran's hair !—
  He knew the flaming hue ;
Ghosts of the dead may the living scare,
  But more will treason do !

O'er the stark, stark face he flung the shroud,
  The worms, the mould, the clod ;
Wail'd like a heathen shrill and loud,
  Cursing himself and God.

Red Macballeran that night slept
  The sleep that hath no end ;
His lasting dream was a trysting kept
  Wi' a dead remembered friend.

THE VAMPIRE

Far in the night the bairn awaked,
  Wi' penetrating scream,
And when she had its thirst aslaked,
  And charmed its evil dream,

She put it back intil its cot,
Wi' twenty kisses sweet ;
She kissed the young thing's forehead hot,
And kissed its hands and feet.

Ere morning came another shriek
Piercing her marrow bone.
Oh can a child, newborn and weak,
Utter such channerin' groan ?

She thought she saw a vampire stand
Above her infant's bed,
And took a knife intil her hand,
And sheared the young child's head.

And then the vampire fled away,
And she lay down to sleep,
Dreaming until the break of day
She heard her infant weep.

The vampire hovered o'er her couch
And in its ebon wings,
Like any vile thing she must crouch
And dream of wicked things.

At morn she rose and scraped its bones
And tossed away the head ;
She pounds them under two quern stones
And adds the good white bread.

Set was the board, the wine outpoured,
The father took his seat ;
The ghoulish mother pledged her lord
And offer'd kindred meat.

At eve she stood beside its bed,
Looking beneath the sheet
Where in the cradle lay the head,
And it began to greet.

" Alas, my mother, savage, wild,
Who slew me wi' a knife,
Now shall you feed upon your child,
A vampire all your life."

O dreadful, dreadful thing to tell,
A mother pure and good,
Before her hearth in league with hell,
A fearful vampire stood.

At nightfall came the father back,
Nor wife nor infant saw,
But a spectre fled, distraught and black,
Out at his open door.

EYESALL

He muttered prayers for her departed soul,
The new-made priest, and looked upon her bier,
Rent from his shoulders amice, surplice, stole,
And all the appurtenance of priestly gear.
" Here is," he said, " the wealth of all I have "—
And cast them broken-hearted in her grave.

As one distract, he left them all amazed,
Who gathered round to join in holy rite,
But they beheld him, marvellously dazed,
Who took his way amid the tombs and white,
In his sole garment looked a flaysome sprite,
Some thought her ghost was fleeing from their sight.

Hiding in his wasted hands his fresh-shorn face,
He called on Death. as loudly as he might :
" Come now, if ever thou didst come apace,
And seal my bleared eyes from blinding light,
Nor leave me longer where the ray is found,
My palace in the dungeons underground."

And all the day he went till setting sun,
At a great pace, nor was his passion spent ;
A wingèd seraph from Elysion
Might not have ministered to his content.
Dark fiends served rather his vehement mood,
And he saw black, and Hell's detestful brood.

Far in the night he did return again,
To that flow'r decked but unregarded tomb,
And tho' the night came in a show'r of rain,
Thro' clay and indistinguishable gloom
He fought his way 'mid torrents that down fell,
And winds that battled like the fiends of Hell.

Inside in that damp gloomy atmosphere,
Enshelvèd was the coffin hung with wreaths,
He muttered : " Here is neither moves nor breathes :
I 'll take her, this my eyesall, and my cheer,
She will not answer any prayer I make,
Yet in the void of all, herself I take."

No angel guarded that high deep fette vault,
Parted the beadsmen and the rosary priest.
There was no sentinel to bid him halt,
So he went in effrayèd not the least.
No wraith sat on the stone, he met no ghost,
And had there been, his soul no less were lost.

There were two torches set up in the crypt,
And one was gutted and the other spent,
There was a holy water stoop, but dipt,
No hurried finger he therein, but bent
His thoughts to lift the coffin from the shelf,
For he was minded there to put himself.

It was no easy task to reach the chest,
He could not rais 't, so slid it to the ground;
He did so trembling with a quivering breast,
And after fell upon it in a swound.
Above him watched fell fiends from left to right,
In guise of bats and dree birds o' th' night.

About his eyes his black hair fell rain-drenched,
And in his eyes half quenched the tears stood still,
He shivered, yet the coffin lid he wrenched,
And with an obdurate, unbroken will,
Snatched back the veils, and set his eyes beneath:
"I will be even yet, ill-nurtured Death."

Then brast his heart 'gainst hers, and he fell down,
Casing her with his arms in tight estraint:
There was no waking from that lasting swoon,
There was no rearing up from that dead faint.
But he lay down for all time at her side,
And Love approved—for He was justified.

THE WRAITH

She came to me and spake me fair
'TWAS EVEN, IT WAS TWILIGHT,
I saw the braids of her long hair
. . . IN THE DARK, IN THE BLACK NIGHT.

She took me and she kissed me straight
IT WAS EVEN, IT WAS BLACK NIGHT
I know not if 'twas love or hate
. . . IN THE DARK, IN THE BLACK NIGHT.

She led me on a journey long
IT WAS EVEN IT WAS TWILIGHT
In my ear she called a song
. . . IN THE DARK, IN THE BLACK NIGHT.

She took me to a midnight sea
'TWAS EVEN IT WAS TWILIGHT
Then with her hair she strangled me
OH THEN 'TWAS NIGHT 'TWAS BLACK NIGHT.

She dropt my body from the shore
'TWAS EVEN IT WAS TWILIGHT
'Tis my soul wanders ever more
. . . IN THE DARK, IN THE BLACK NIGHT.

AMALASUNTHE

She dwells in a wide palace set apart
From ways and haunts of men;
And those who journey'd there would ne'er depart
Or see their homes again.

She was so beautiful that mortal eye
Dare scarcely gaze on her,
And he who followed hasted but to die,
Nor could that fear deter.

And still it was that many rich and young
Pursued that honoured tomb;
And with the weak went forth the great and strong,
And both met one same doom.

There was a man more beauteous in face
And form than I have seen;
He came of lofty and unsullied race,
The lord of Angevin.

He took the wealth of all that he possessed,
And he had great foison,
And with his ships he followed on the rest
To their destruction gone.

He came unto the palace of her pride,
The lord of Angevin;
She said: "Hast heard how many men have died?"
He answered: "But I win."

And looking on his tender countenance
She needs must utter sigh,
And pitying bade him to her throne advance
And look before he die.

She told him how an Angel was her lord,
And built that house for her;
And how that instant death was his reward,
And she Death's minister.

Ah! young he was, and weeping grateful tears
He bow'd him at her knee:
"I will forgoe the promise of my years,
And perish willingly."

She bent her head and lift and kiss'd his cheek;
And he—he kiss'd her feet,
Whispered: "If thou wilt let me hear thee speak
This death will be made sweet."

She said: "If I love thee, this fair abode
Built on angel's plan
Will fall asunder." Then the fires glowèd
And the débâcle began,

For that she loved him well Another knew,
And swift destruction came,
Dismantling tower and roof, and left those two
Murmuring each other's name. . . .

GUDULE THE PROUD

Perished is Gudule the Proud,
Wrapt in a linceul and shroud;
Her long hair to her feet
Encircles all her body sweet;
Closed are her violet eyes,
Quenched orbs where darkness lies,
Solemn watch the beguins keep.

Round her bed two lovers weep.

There is first the Baron d'O,
Who loved her early, long ago
E'er the crowd of suitors came,
Each kindled with an equal flame.
Then she was a child of ten,
But a vanquisher of men;
He, the chief in many a fight,
Though his beard was turning white,
And the lord in furious war,
Saw in her his conqueror.
Laid his arms down at her feet,
Glorying in a loss so sweet.

The other is Raymond Vaure,
Whom at Candlemas she saw
Kneeling in chapel alone,
Almost monk and almost stone;
Half-a priest he would be then,
But she changed him as all men,
Changed she by her beauteousness
From gentle ways to hardiesse.

Fair he was with ruddy looks,
Steeped in eloquence of books,
But she bade him take a sword
Without promise of reward,
For her sake go fight in France,
And he went as to a dance.

He who never fought before
Fought like twenty, fought like more;
He who loved a hempen frock,
Or a villager's coarse smock;
He who at a maid would pale
Clapt him all in a cotte-maille,
Faced a thousand, fearing none,
Not for iron he had on;
But for looks of lady high,
Like a knight of chivalry.

Baron d'Or stared on her face.
If he might purloin her grace,
If he might unfast the hand
Of Death without a magic wand.
But the other, Raymond Vaure,
Like a dog stretched on the floor,
Lay with eyes fixed, facing dust,
Thinking all things mould and rust.
Oh that Death would take his life!
Death by sword, or cord, or knife.
Oh that Death had taken her!
Was not he unworthier
Thus he scarce could upward look
When the priest came with his book,
And the choirmen sang within
And the maidens entered in.
Rose the ancient Baron d'O
With the sad cortège to go;
Down upon the rush-strewn floor,
Senseless, left they Raymond Vaure.

When he woke from his long swoon,
Full upon him fell the moon,
Making visions strange and white,
In the middle of the night.

O Lady Moon, how many dreams,
Lit by thy elusive beams,
Have I mingled with pale thought,
. . . Dreams and musing come to naught

Dazed, he saw that ancient room,
—Decked for office of the tomb,
But it seemed a bridal bed,
Place of purple saw he red
And a hundred guests or more
Dancing on the polished floor ;
In the midst Gudule the Proud,
Not ywrapt in cloth or shroud.
Turned and turned her sweetly round,
Floating all her saffron gown ;
And a hidden music came,
Like a slow ascending flame,
Full of sweetness, full of fire,
And there sang a treble choir,
Voices of sweet girls and boys,
Ah, it was a gladsome noise.
All as in a dream he saw,
Saw and heard it, Raymond Vaure.

To the tune and song of Love
Did the strange procession move.

And he thought that as he lay,
One to him did come and say

Something . . . that he quick arose
And upon his measured toes,
Joined the dancers and entranced
Like a sportive elf thing danced.

Nor his mistress' face did see,
Till she whispered: "Look on me!"
Golden stuff turned to white shroud,
And he saw Gudule the Proud.

Then he fainted, and no more
Anything saw Raymond Vaure.

LOVE'S LOSS

Lift me unto the topmost boughs of some tall tree,
Sink me into the coldest waves of the deep sea,
Or set me in the clouds, whatever clouds there be,
Make me by far the farthest of all men from thee.

Chansons

CHANSON D'AMOUR

LOVE was a pilgrim dressed in grey
LOVE was a Minstrel blithe and gay
LOVE was a Maid that would not stay
LOVE was a Child that ran away
O LOVE COME BACK TO ME.

LOVE was a stranger in the hall
LOVE came to one, LOVE came to all
LOVE was a Lord imperial
LOVE was a serf, a slave, a thrall
O LOVE COME BACK TO ME.

LOVE was a prince in raiment glad
LOVE was a beggar poorly clad
LOVE was the joy we truly had
LOVE was the pain that made us sad
O LOVE COME BACK TO ME.

LOVE was the bread upon the board
LOVE was the generous wine outpoured
LOVE was the Host, the Guest Restored
LOVE, the Exceeding Great Reward
O LOVE COME BACK TO ME.

LOVE was the gentle Seneschal
Did carefully provide for all
Who came with flowers and water sweet
LOVE wore the wreaths and bathed the feet
O LOVE COME BACK TO ME.

LOVE was fire and LOVE was ice
LOVE bidden once came ever twice
LOVE came to scorn as well as sighs
LOVE was the Pearl without a price
O LOVE COME BACK TO ME.

LOVE was the happy wedding tide
LOVE was the granted, the denied
LOVE was the Bridegroom, LOVE the Bride
LOVE was all in the world beside
O LOVE COME BACK TO ME.

TRANSFIGURATION

"Polu paktidos adumelestera chruso chrusotera."—SAPPHO.

O SWEET! SWEET! SWEET! long-drawn devout delight,
My ransomed love, condign and recondite!

It dawns. Slowly, that golden gemmuled Rose,
Whose saffron leaves transparently unclose,
A tree is now, and its wide branches spread,
In transfused beams, transfigurèd.
Beneath its boughs, like blissful seraphs stand,
A multitude of lovers hand-in-hand,
And breast-to-breast. Ah me! how sweet! how sweet!
To fall or kneel or lie before her feet
As these do.

Now hath heaven to earth descended,
And cloud and clay and stone and star are blended.

There is no worldly atom but doth glow,
This pavement and th' ungarnished ramparts show
As do the fretted star-strewn roofs above,
Such lustre and transcendancy hath LOVE.

THE ALLY

He cast his arms about his love
(Poton and Eunice)
And Death and they together strove
On edge of Rimmon's Sea.

Wind and Water fought for Death,
As their liege Suzerain,
And Love to his last fluttering breath
Fought for the other twain.

And these six strove until the moon
Stood opposite the sun;
And these six strove until the moon
In heaven was only one.

Enfolded on the water's edge
The wounded suitors lie,
And fluttering on the dripping sedge
Their Beauteous Ally.

Death and his associates
  Bore off the victory;
Set on the knees of kinder Fates
  Poton and Eunice.

Immortal Love rose with the morn
  And wiped his glittering eyes,
Him two young spirits freshly born
  Pursued to Paradise.

DEATH AND THE LOVER

A LOVER, speeding to his tryst,
Met with a lord of foreign guise.
So strange. The lover stay'd, I wist,
To ask what pilgrimage he hies.

Yclad in the dun apparelement,
With sable housings to the floor,
A very mirthless wight he went
As ever ill-starred suitor saw.

There on the green upspringing grass,
Along the buds that edge the lawn,
He saw what made him start, alas,
And soon 'gan he to weep and mourn.

The daisies and the field-flowers,
A winsome body stark among,
As gentle mistress sits in bowers,
And harks to voice of love and song.

With tears and cries and threatening wrath,
He straight pursues the sable sprite,
Who march'd 'mid cornflowers springing forth,
And fraught their dewiness with blight.

Then rived the lover's heart in twain,
And swooned he in the bloomless mead;
Till Death a close put to his pain,
And Love him to his lady freed.

METATHRONE

I LOVED a lady passing well,
  Better than any telling,
Me she loved as she did tell,
  I loved her for the telling.

* * *

A seraph in the House of Heaven,
  Wearing in his hair the seven
Gold Stars of the Pleiades,
  In his damask'd vesture dyes
Of the tiger tinct one sees
Treasured up in crocuses
    Or the agrestic dandelion.

With silver sandals laced and shod,
His feet who walked apace with God.
And ever did attend on Him
  And was himself attended by
Tetramorph and cherubim—
Such a Spirit, Wing'd and Crown'd,
Seated near the Golden Throne,
Was the Angel Metathrone.

How if fell was in this wise;
By the King of Paradise

This Great Spirit Mediator
On an earthly mission sent,
Fell into a ravishment,
In the church of Toison d'Or
When he saw my mistress kneel,
At the threefold golden peal,
Of the sacring hostie-bell,
All before the prankt parclose
Prostrate, too, the Seraph fell,
Like the petals of a rose,
Like a rose itself he fell.
And the emblazon'd scutcheoned pane
Of the casement trac'd in rings
Within rings and circles set
In circles like an amulet
Or a charm that wizard makes
When a crystalline he shakes . . .
Chang'd to ruby and again,
Chang'd to purple on his wings.

Thought the cleric wrapt in prayer,
'Twixt the Preface and the Creed,
'Mid the deacons young and grave—
Thought the people in the nave,
When they saw that radiance there,
If they thought at all, indeed:
" 'Tis the casement's inwrought grain,
Which the sunlight dips again
On the patined chancel floor."
Not a seraph such eyes saw.

Ah! he heard my mistress sing,
And he arose a-marvelling;
'Twas the Litany of Heaven.
That is Mary's in Lorette,
Never one of the eleven
Great apostles in a row

Seated round their Queen as yet
Tuned it so;
Never words to music set
Sounded so.

Mortal love, how it subdueth
To abasement human hearts;
Love immortal strength reneweth,
Fortifies ethereal parts.
By passion wrapt in greater bliss
Are the angelic essences;
Love is their meridian;
And the souls that lowest are,
Inhabit straight a brighter star,
Reach to heights empyrean.

Seraphs rise in eminence,
Past all human earthly sense
Of conception. Those are first
In the heavenly archives named
Who with love are most enflamed
And become in God immers'd.

I thereto, in strict accordance
With my lawful lady's word,
Which has ever been my ordnance;
Help'd the ravisher's endeavour—
To the bright seraphic lord,
To the angel her resigned;
Tho' she lives in heaven, ever
Dwells she with me in my mind.

LE ROSSIGNUOL

(The Nightingale)

Le Rossignuol qui du haut d'une branche se regarde dedans, croit etre tombè dans la rivière. Il est au sommet d'un chene, et toujours il a peur de se noyer.

The Nightingale, she sang till pryme,
CHANTEZ, OISELLES!
'Twas the blissful summer-time,
As 't chaunced it fell.

She sat her in unwemmèd thought,
Sing birds, sing well!
Her anthem to its close nigh brought
At kyrielle.

The dawn was as a saffron rose,
CHANTEZ OISELLES!
That with its growing crimson grows,
Delectable.

She finished her Magnificat,
CHANTEZ OISELLES!
And toward the Nunc dimittis sat,
As in a spell.

She pondered o'er her paraphrase,
SING BIRDS, SING WELL!
Of Love that all creation sways,
Unconquerable.

The birds that sing the day's advaunce,
CHANTEZ, OISELLES,
Aroused her fretful from her trance,
Impassable.

The lark that hymns her Maker's lauds,
CHANTEZ OISELLES !
Uttered her first reverberant chords,
Acceptable.

Now that the dusk makes full retreat,
CHANTEZ, OISELLES !
Unto the blue brook at her feet,
Her reverie fell.

Her fading eyes mirrored therein,
CHANTEZ OISELLES,
Before they closed them till complin,
Ostensible . . .

The flowery branch. Her feet she sees,
CHANTEZ OISELLES,
The mirage of the forest trees,
A citadel.

Of dim reflections built on glass,
CHANTEZ OISELLES,
Or crystalline or chrysophrase,
Intangible.

An apparition doth appear,
CHANTEZ OISELLES,
Into the midst ! An amber sphere,
An aureole fell !

A glimmering disc drowned in the tide,
CHANTEZ OISELLES,
That waters' brightness magnified.
Ineffable.

She thinks the trees, the woods must fall,
CHANTEZ OISELLES,
Have fallen—And inaugural,
Involve as well

Her fortune, but the shades increase,
CHANTEZ OISELLES,
Buried the brook, the forest. Peace,
Illimitable,

Over her quiet eyelids poured
CHANTEZ OISELLES,
Held her in sleep till Dusk restored
Her wonted spell.

THE PARAMOURS

CHIVALROUS Hector du Maine
Died on his wedding-day;
Soon did his love choose again,
And wedded Gideon d'Orsay.

Alas! and for Hector du Maine,
No glorious death did he die;
'Tis said he was murdered and slain
At Amiens-es-Montereilles.

Night came, and the shrouded afreet
Rose through the mire and the clay,
Stood at the window and beat
Till uprose Gideon d'Orsay.

'Hie! hie! hence, unhappy thing!
And churchyard begot, begone;
We heed not thy gibbering,
. . . But prithee leave us alone."

" Oh bar the window, love,
And draw the arras round,
Lest in this dim alcove
Revenge and spite be found."

Alas for me! Hector, thy lord,
Slain, upon chancelled floor;
In heaven is murder abhorred,
. . · Murderers fry evermore!'

" Oh, how the world is wonderful
If that lone voice would cease!
Will tomb and offerings plentiful
Give thee, lost spirit, peace?"

Alas, and alas, and alas!
A sigh, a whisper, a moan;
So all the night did he pass
Outside the casement stone;
And when the morn was come
A dreadful thing was seen—
Dead was the young bridegroom,
And the lady, and between . . .

Between the lovers e'en,
For bridal bed unmeet,
A thing impact, unclean—
The bat-faced foul Afreet.

Dead is Hector du Maine,
Laid up in sanctuary,
At Amiens slain by the slain,
His love and his enemy.

At Soissons, Gideon d'Orsay
Sleeps with his one-day bride.
Thus would lovers alway,
Quietly side by side.

THE FANFARE OF SPRING

O LOVE MY HEART, the sweet birds sing
Pleasant is every living thing
Kind is the sky, the air, the sea
All things are gentle willingly
O LOVE, MY HEART, be kind to me!

If we were in the days gone by
The golden days of chivalry
When knights for lady's love might die
For thee would I die willingly
O LOVE, MY HEART, speak piteously!

If I could rescue thee from fire,
Or wave, or any mishap dire
If I could rescue thee from death
Or die instead of thee some death
O LOVE, MY HEART, have only faith!

If I were earl, or lord, or king,
What golden trophies would I bring
If I were knight, what duelling
Oh, if I could as minstrel sing
O LOVE, MY HEART, what would I sing!

If I were poet, I would make,
All golden sonnets, for thy sake
And ballads clothed in antique dress,
All laden with such tenderness,
O LOVE, MY HEART, love not the less!

If I could know an angel's love,
And love thee, like the blest above
O LOVE, MY HEART, wouldst thou receive,
Love, such intelligence could give
O LOVE, MY HEART, wouldst thou believe!

The little birds sing on the boughs,
Of leafless trees, in winter snows.
Each happy with his tender spouse
Oh, we could dwell in sheltered house
O LOVE, MY HEART, but hear my vows!

Showers in the heat refreshing are,
Continual rains sweet pleasures bar,
See how dun clouds obscure the sky,
And make the landscape winterly.
O LOVE, MY HEART, why should we sigh!

Look flowers their lovely petals shed
At close of day and soon are dead,
Scattered along the roseate bed
On wretched stalk that hangs its head
O LOVE, MY HEART, choose life instead!

Look, how the leaves fall from the tree,
When autumn winds blow cheerlessly,
Late comes the spring, and passes by—
Swift comes the summer, swift to die,
O LOVE, MY HEART, why should we die!

Remember how when first, I came,
Nothing around us was the same,
Think how the trees were barely green,
And scarcely were the snowdrops seen,
O LOVE, MY HEART, what days have been!

Behold the spring hath passed away,
And there hath come an autumn day,
Soon all around us will be bare,
Oh, we can as the song-birds fare,
O LOVE, MY HEART, 'soilize my prayer!

Can never prayer or orison,
Reach thee, thou splinter-hearted one,
Thou art not flesh, but made of stone,

As her whom loved Pygmalion,
O LOVE, MY HEART, be such a one!

O LOVE, MY HEART, thou bidst me fare,
Better in love, some other where,
O LOVE, MY HEART, thou bidst me part,
O LOVE, MY HEART, O LOVE, MY HEART!

LE PENDU

. . . . . "a des chapelets des pendus."—Gringoire.

How sad in sun doth Poverty look out,
How miserable in Spring doth Death appear!
And in the crowd of folk who turn about
In plenty—Death and Want are always near.
How good men ever ought to stand and fear,
Lest they should pass them with unpitying eye,
Or look on them who weary burdens bear
With scorn: or others' words note jestingly.

Oft at the crossroads is the gallows put,
With rood of Christ, like sentinel at hand,
So thief and murderer e'er their eyes are shut,
May see the wide earth and the seed-sown land;
And the good Son of God, like ruffian stand,
Suffering as they ignominy and shame.
Oh, how they feel then punishment is grand,
He bearing it who bore it without blame.

A fair youth passed, full of the springtide cheer,
And he was going to his nuptial feast;
He sang, as holding this life's office dear,
And was in Fortune's silk apparel drest.
"Of all things," thought he, "Love and Life are best";

And saw a hanged man swinging in the air ;
With pious Ave Maria breathed he : " Rest,
Poor soul ! " and crossed him and made there his prayer.

" Good friend of mine, I never thought, alas,
To see thee swinging on the gallows tree.
Aye, what a woeful time has come to pass
Sith I sat at thy wedding feast wi' thee.
Thou shalt not eat at mine, dear youth, with me,
Albeit thou saidest thou with me must dine
And I with thee. I came, but shall I see
Thy face, my friend, at wedding feast of mine ? '

Oh, awful is the might of holy prayer !
God and the saints are aye inclined thereto.
Angels are messengers, they say, who bear
To heaven the weakest words of those who sue.
There answering came a voice of old he knew,
The wind-swayed figure stood and ey'd him o'er :
" So at thy table will I sit wi' you."
Then the wind gushed, and he did sway the more.

Twas at the wedding feast that very day
The joyous youth sat, and close at his side
The hanged spectre, decked with earth and clay,
About his neck the gallows rope still tied.
So very sudden shivered the dear bride,
And quoth she : " What a garment ye have on !
Go, get elsewhere ! " and to the priest he hied,
And sat betwixt him and the sacristan.

In silence ate he cake and drank of ale,
In silence rose he and departs eftsoon ;
Oh, at his going cheeks that waxed pale
Began to flush, and hearts to quicker tune
Were beating. Love grants gladlier Love's sweet boon.
Now silent tongues began their joys to speak,
And quiet feet to dance to meerier tune.
Now is it friends and lovers do each other seek.

So when the feast resumed its wonted cheer,
They noted not, so quick ylift the gloom
(Seeing the hanged man was no longer there)
That he had beckoned to the young bridegroom,
Who swiftly rose and took him from the room.
" Now follow me," he said, " and follow, friend;
Nor stay to hearken how the guests resume
Their joy, for unto all is set an end.

" Grace to thy little whispered orison "
The dead man murmured; " I, who hung aloft,
Am saved." And meanwhile they were going on
A country with a pasture trim and soft.
" These meadows know I not, although so oft
I have passed here." Then looked with dewy eyes
The savèd man, and did embrace him soft,
" Farewell, dear friend, for this is Paradise."

AMELOTTE

Upon the mountains lay the snow,
And in that snowy cot,
More chill than all the drifted snow,
Lay sleeping Amelotte.

O gué! stiff frozen is this world—
A white blank and a blot;
But colder than the gealéd cliff
The cheek of Amelotte.

O gué! O gué! through worlds of snow
Have I trod to thy cot,
Past iceberg and past avalanche,
To look on Amelotte.

Eternal frost shall housel thee,
Corruption see thee not;
White cloud, white snow, above, below
The white-souled Amelotte.

THE SYBARITES

In heaven the Sybarites dance,
The Pharisees—if Pharisee
In Paradise there be—
Watch with due vigilance,
How served the Elohim be!

Ah! if I get to heaven,
Will my love dance with me?

Shall I stand where she stands,
In some clean filtered sphere,
And touch ethereal hands,
And sing to spiritual ear?

In heaven can spirits love
As mortals love—as well
As ill?—for oft this love
Makes me sojourn in hell.
Ah! can the men above
'Gainst Love's decrees rebel?

THE PARAPHRAST

Take me!—the spell will last, Blest Sorcerer,
As the Sun takes the earth and warmeth her,
Lifting the hearts of king and cottager.
As the moon takes the sea to her
Of shore and ocean the great severer,
Take me . . . thy never-ending worshipper.

Ah ! take me, such a pæan of reverence
Shall my heart usher forth and utter, whence
'Twixt heavèn and earth shall be no difference
That angels rushing down : from inference
Shall ask : Where owe we then the preference ?

CLAIR DE LUNE

My love, my sweet, is set about
  With silence in a still retreat ;
There is it that the Briar comes out,
  The Rose and Passe-Rose meet.

Pleasant that garden is and glad,
  All mannere of floweres faire,
Every joyaunce may be had,
  Sans souci, et sans peur.

My heart doth follow and mine eye
  Regrets her and makes his complaint,
And thinking thus the years slip by,
  While in that bower I weep and faint.

Alas ! it is a sweet thing
  The nightingale to list,
Matins and vespers doth she sing,
  And rests her when she list.

YSSOUS

Oh, that I were some tender flowér
In Chantlepre' yblown,
That my love walking in her bowèr
Might pluck me for her own.

Better than flagons of red wine
Is honourable love;
Oh, I could dance in the sunshine
Before her steps I love.

Oh, happy sorel in thy nest—
For earth is full of love—
Oh, let me sink upon thy breast,
Thy happy welcome dove!

SERVENTE

Le Mode Mineur

In the Blue Garden, the Blue Night,
Beholds the Rapture of Delight
OY DIEUS.

Beholds my Friend, whom most I love,
Singing his Coryphée of Love
OY DIEUS.

As the Trees in the trancéd Dark,
The sad Bulbul's high notes hark
OY DIEUS

As the Woods in the Middle-Noon,
In the Sun's Brilliance softly swoon
OY DIEUS.

So I to my Friend's joyous Lay
Until the Dawn comes, bringing Day
OY DIEUS.

Oh, stay, our Love continuing,
When the Dawn comes, and the Birds sing
OY DIEUS.

THE BASILISK

Oh baleful eyes, and wretchedest of men!
When, when shall I be disenchanted,—when?
I cannot live without thy present sight,
Who art to me a snare and a delight.

If I could see those eyes and not by them
Be basilisk'd as by an evil gem,
Or as an artist seeing something rare—
—I will not speak of eyes or golden hair—
Looks on its fairness and is full consol'd,
In such a way would I those eyes behold.

Oh that I were where Beauty is no plea,
For Arrogance and Wrath, or that to me,
Thou wouldst abate the fury of thy rage,
Nor in a contest incontestable engage,
Esteeming me, who can but offer praise;
—On others, let thy fury be ablaze.

Ah! how thy ceaseless fire has shrivelled me,
Remorseless Nero, dear Incendiary.
"Escape'" cry some, "or wilt thou be consum'd."
Nay, but unto the Heaven of Heavens assum'd,
As was Elijah, in his chariot, driven
By flaming whirlwind, carried into heaven.

The heavens and earth are mingling, and I see
The Throne of God, and sacred ecstacy
That round the Holiest of Holies is
The uttermost extent of angels' bliss.

DAWN SONG

THE garments of the Dawn are red,
The look of Night is blue,
One's sandals are ensaffronèd,
The other's silver hue.

The stars are footsteps of the Night,
As on her way she hies,
A shining track of spangled light
From sundown to sunrise.

The garments of the Dawn I saw
Carmine—vermilion,
She stood afront the Orient door,
And beckoned to the sun,

Who came, reluctant with desire,
Pleading vehement love;
But Dawn and Night sank in his fire,
And died thereof . . .

BRIDALS

BRIDEGROOM

O LIGHT that shinest in th' untemper'd East,
Sitting in chambers gaudy, gladsomest,
Gild my Love's heart, Bright Lord, that she may be
To others pale, but golden fire to me.

BRIDE

O Light that reignest in an argent sphere,
Having a court of beauteous planets near,
Make pure my love that I may ever be
Married, the loving bandslave still of thee.

BOTH

O Rosy Love and Crimson Heated Fire,
And desperate Heart, full of unsatisfied desire,
Comes Hymen in his saffron silk attire
And carrying torches, sets thy conflagration higher.

And, lo ! thy house aflame, thy walls are razed,
But in the midst of the destruction where it blazed,
A hearth, a palace, Home I see upraised,
And the Destroyer Love the Builder—God be praised !

THE DEVOTEE AND THE IDOL

Be, if thou wilt, unfair, contemptuous,
Listening to none, self-praised, contentious ;
But sit beside me, let me touch thy hand,
And I will stay content for ever thus.

Yes, tho' thou shouldst find words unkind, untrue,
Uttering what shakes my heart transparent through,
I still will count them full of weight and part,
And listen, hearing thee, as clients do.

And if thou smilest !—looked-for, treasured smile,
Thy soul being full of sortilege and guile,
My mind in me shall bubble o'er with glee ;
Still I shall know thou charmest me the while.

And kiss me, if thy lip be poisonous,
Bearing a fragrance, sweet, infectious,
I still will kiss thee, tho' it be sure death,
And may that death be unto both of us.

THE SERAPHICIDE

Ah ! red, red, crimson red !
Drops falling down,
From wings and breast and head,
—Sad renown—

This that has come to me,
Unfortunate . . .
Unending obloquy,
Heavenly hate. . . .

I drew a random bow,
At a swift bird,
And a soft moan and low,
Trembling I heard—

OUR LADY 'S BORNE ONE—!
Super-saint Thing,
What wondrous heavenly Man,
Slacken'd my string.

The peerless coelian lord,
Six-wing'd three-fac'd !
What spot I turned me to,
Some visage gaz'd.

Ten-thousand ey'd One,
Wheelèd and wing'd
Nimbus'd and glob'd with sun,
Aureol'd, ring'd.

Death cannot visit thee,
God is not slain,
Ah ! shining Constituency,
Assembled remain.

ILLUSTRIOUS THEOPHANY,
UNPARALLELLED HOST,
IN THY TRAJECTORY,
Was Godhead lost !

Did Immortal put on,
A transient state,
Can the Supreme depone,
Or alternate ?

Shall I a mortal man,
Created thing,
Slay the Uranium
The Everlasting !

ASMATION

(A Little Song)

Oh that I were a green-leaved tree,
With bloomy branch above !
Or that I were an apple-tree,
My love a honey dove !
Then she would come and rest in me,
And I should shield my love.

Oh that I were a dim-aisled wood,
With many graithèd bowers !
Or that I were a rushing flood,
Osiered with rosy flowers.

And that my love, my love, were a dove,
  Hiding in coverts dim,
Or else a fish were my loving love,
  In my warm waves to swim.

Oh that I were a wood, a stream,
  A flower, a leaf, a tide,
A thought, a word, a passing dream
  Wherein she might abide.

A freshet where the silver bream
  Adown the currents glide;
I were the stream and she the bream,
  Love link'd us side by side.

I had such a dream, a golden dream,
  In which it seemed I died
For very joy, and became, it seemed
  A being sanctified;
And up in heaven, so I dreamed,
  My love became my bride.
Then the Elect and the Redeemed
  Passed by me unenvied.

THE PSYCHOMACHIE

The devil in me is uppermost,
  The Angel's on her face,
I have provoked, I have lost,
The Gentle Holy Ghost.

I have a tumult in my brain
A monster in my thought
A driving, hectoring pain
That goes, but comes again.

I see no God, I have no creed,
Nor any jot of faith,
I am dead, dead, and dead indeed,
Yet I cry out for Death.

Ah, what Thou art who madest me,
And wherefore, I 'll not think,
With eyes and ears, yet not to see,
Nor hear And this of thee—
A spirit tied up in a clod,
Of matter gross and slow,
A Pegasus with iron shod,
A chain'd Promethean God.

Alas, make me as those that lie,
Beneath the crevass'd sea,
Who ask not any, how, or why,
They come and cease to be.

Everything there is, is God,
Thou art the deity,
I am even who have trod,
The path of satiety
These stones are as flesh and bones,
Living breathing, quick,
You can hear at night their groans,
Or when lying sick,
When the spirit takes an ear,
Listening, attentive,
All the things you see and hear
Once did or do live

Everything there is, has being,
Mountains have a voice,
Stars and comets are forseeing,
The little hills rejoice,

And thou, wilt thou not sing,
Who bearest in thy throat
The Rapture of the Spring,
The Resurrection Note

THE ANGEL AND THE PIT

I saw an Angel at the mouth,
Of a noisome deep-dug pit,
A man came by and fought with him,
And pushed him into it

And then there rose, I thought a fiend,
Up from the noisome pit,
He followed the man and dwelt with him,
A comrade right and fit.

The man was the master of the men,
Who work in coal dark night,
The Fiend lived with the tired men,
Who seldom see the light,
When the Angel fell amidst of them
The Fiend fled in affright.

The men who toiled in mirèd gloom,
Now work in blazing day,
And former things with that Ill Soul
Like smoke have passed away.

2.

The Master stood at his pit's door,
And listenèd: he thought he heard,
The voice of seraphs singing loud,
Or else some heavenly bird.
What the music was he could not tell,
Nor could construe a word.

He thought : how is 't, break of day
The grimy men went down,
With lanterns and tools a heavy load,
Passing through the town,
They never sing who do this work,
They never smile but frown."

The master paused at his pit's door,
And he saw a shaft of light
Gleam through a chink in the leaden posts,
'Twas a wing of seraph bright . . .
It washed the black walls into day,
It made the black walls white.

Within was lit without a lamp,
Or any chandelier,
The colliers' mattocks shone like glass,
With heavenly veneer.
The dull clothes of the men transformed
To raiment fresh and clear,
Not coal they dug but jewelled bricks,
Rubies and diamonds dear.

To the lutist's tune the workers sang,
Their spades were harpsichords,
Not any language in this world,
Contains their holy words.
It was the tongue of heaven they spoke,
In articulate words.

He opened the door to enter in,
And fell down on the floor,
The devil he had sooner seen,
Than the Brightness that he saw,
Whose Hands shone like the blessed Sun
His Wings and Visage more.

He could not face the spikèd light
That rigol'd the angel's head,

The faces of all in that vermeil beam,
Glowed as the forges red,
It filled the pit like a fiery ball,
The passage replenishèd.
And when the master saw this thing
He feared and fell down dead.
And the angel flew with his blissful crew . . .
. . . To heaven the angel sped. . . .

The devil entered the lonely pit,
Groaned when he saw it bare
Those he had counted his own were gone,
One soul was his poor share
But he hitched him on his shoulder-blade,
" He shall the worser fare."
And God, who forgives the wickedest
Thwarted his evil care.

IF IN THE DARK——

IF IN THE DARK THERE COMES A HAND,
And in deep sleep, a well-known voice,
Who would not hearkening understand
Who would not feeling, have no choice?

But to accept the message given,
And take the hid communion,
In this way many a watchful one,
Glimpses the very gates of heaven.

Thus shall I see thee, whom the grave,
Has hid, and chaos and deep grief,
Not Lethe wave: whose name in chief,
Commemorating I engrave,

Where rust shall never wear away
The inscript—save for drip of tears,
And in the Resurrection Day
May it be bright as it appears

Freshly put on. A radiant soul,
Then it not far . . . Oh, be not far
From me, and in one auriole
Two men may go, a double star.

IMMANENCE

God ! that is in heaven above us,
If that impact floor of blue,
Is such, or the residue,
Of the winds and clouds that move us,
Time and seasons in their due.

God ! that is within, without us,
If the beauteous things we see,
All the joy that floats about us,
Be the vestiture of Thee.

God that is without, within us,
It these motive powers be such,
Sense of eyes and ears and touch
And the farthest hopes that win us,
Help us know thee, inasmuch,

As thou hast been manifested,
In the likeness of our clay,
—Once, in a supremer way—
When with flesh thou wast invested
Like the creatures of a day.

God, that is the Life-Bestower,
Life-Destroyer, Immanence
Past all human earthly sense ;
Be in us, the Saving Power
As thou art, in evidence.

THE SOTOR ON THE CROSS

O THOU GOD OF GREAT COMPASSION
Flowering on an aspen tree,
Dead for me in such a fashion,
How shall I recómpense THEE.

O THOU GOD OF GREAT DEVOTION
What is equal unto THEE
Wider than the Atlantic Ocean,
Brighter than the Galaxy.

So I thought Thee, boundless, distant,
Far from this confederacy
Now I find Thee equi-distant,
To heaven and poor humanity.

O THOU GOD OF CONDESCENSION
How shall I ascend to THEE,—
—But by My Own Intervention
I will first descend to thee.

ROSE OF GOD

O ROSE OF GOD ! PERPETUAL, PERFECT ROSE
O Paradisal Bloom, unfold, unclose,
Thy gemmuled petals from whose almeries
An uberous hive, the heavenly star-girt bees
The blissful saints their nectar'd honey draw
And add, devout, to heaven's uncounted store.

Thou who dost envious hate annihilate,
And scarlet, hectic sin etiolate,
But spread thy hands, and God the Spouse will make,
Acceptable our Oublie, for thy sake.

O Rose of God, Jerose, whose leaves serrate,
Did the Elohim transubstantiate,
And WHAT was Shrouded, Veiled, Witheld, Withdrawn,
Suffuse as Day, to us in thy fresh Morn.

THE ABDICATION OF SELF

O Lamb of God, descend and take away
The world's iniquity
Or if, Just Lord, if this—if this—must stay
Descend and transport me

Into the chilly vale where Adam lay
Awaiting thy advent
The Gates of Hell—the joints of Death dismay
Me not, so I repent.

From all the outbreaks of this surtured flesh
This sodden leprosy
To-day bound up, to-morrow bursting fresh
Release—dismember me.

How shall I shake, unloose, from me this rank
And carnal vestiture
How make this scarred and blurred account a blank
And from relapse ensure.

O Spotless Lamb, what is the final end,
Of earthly wickedness?
And if thou shouldst incontinent descend
How great were our distress!

How could this blistered filament attend
Thy spotless radiance
O Lamb of God, delay, not yet descend
Protract thy visitance.

Oh that I were of these sins purified
In any dreadful mean
In fire or wave or fiery furnace tried
So that I were but clean.

Take from me first, unsolve, eradicate
The senses empery
The lust of living, the perfervid state
Of this economy.

My heart is molten and my easy bones
Dissolve away in tears
Because of grief, my voice surcharged with groans
Dies thinly, but God hears—

And I am changed. Oh transmutation fierce!
From flesh and blood to this
Thou seest Lord, who can Thy vision pierce
Thro' Thy metastasis.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN JESUS AND SAINT FRANCIS

S.F. O Lord, O Love, compassionate supreme
This world a shadow, substanceless doth seem,
Until thou comest, Lord, deceit, a dream.

J. Francis control thy mind thy thoughts compose
F. Alas, shall I not all my mind disclose
J. Begin.
F. Lord, thou wert walking like a slave
And destitute.
J. These evils others have
Tell me, before I came was there no day
No day, Lazarus at Dives portal lay
Was there no washèd Pilate, no chief Priest
Ready to make of goodness a good feast
And eat it up, considering such a course
Would mend and end it.
F. Lord what great remorse
That Pontius felt who down a chasm fell
And Kerioth who went with haste to Hell
Is there for evil done, no recompense
No reckoning.
J. And since thou mak'st defense
For losengeurs who slavered up my blood
Tell me, good council, have men since withstood
Or wrong diminished any jot?

S.F. Lord, Lord,
Thy Heart was stickéd once, but at Thy Word
Mine which a wound received in sleep from heavn
A most divine and poignant stab was given
And opens with a rending twofold gash
Gushing out blood.
J. Mv little servant rash
Thy dolour soon in heaven shall find relief
But mine? See how my bosom bears a grief
Irreconcilable, deep, permanent
And every earthly day this is re-spent
Each evil word, or thought or blasphemy
Or curse, a shudder is, a stab to me
Each wicked deed, murder, adultery
A thousand fresh inverted spears in me
And if the world could hold the blood that 's shed
The fields and the round ocean would be red
Rains would be blood and winds were daggers drawn
Tearing our vitals as my flesh was torn
Nor were the present creation distinct
From chaos, good with evil would be link'd
The skies could not retain their blue serene
For flaming clouds would touch the crystalline
The skies would glow down with a fervent fire
And scorch, but I desist. Go, little friar
Who dost presume to teach and understand
The love of God. Go to thy little band
And teach them what thou well dost know
How God to envy is a fervent foe
And when thy visionary wound is healed
In Paradise to thee shall be revealed
What now is dark.
S.F. O too compassionate
Let me descend unto the iron gate
And stand with Kerioth and Pilate
Until my sins now shrinking in thy sight
But rampant—carnal—every day I fight
Against a legion—till my sins from me
Drop after patient years of purgatory
And I ascend thy seraph, Lord, to Thee.

JERUSALEM

O Lamb of God, Jerusalem,
Thy Church, The Love, Thy Bride,
Faints with her longing here below
To see Thee glorified!
Wilt Thou not come, Thou Married Lamb
And take to Heaven Thy Bride.

AH MY FAIR BRIDE, JERUSALEM
WILT THOU NOT WAIT A DAY
AND BRING THY DOWER EARTH TO HEAVEN
WHICH SHALL NOT PASS AWAY

Am I Thy Bride, Jerusalem,
Thy Sister and Thy Spouse
Then let me dwell with my good Lord,
In His Celestial House.

BEHOLD THE MULTITUDE OF MEN
FOR WHOM ONE TIME I DIED,
THOU ART MY SUBSTITUTE, WITH THEM
UNTIL I COME, ABIDE.
THESE JEWELS ON THY WEDDING ROBE
ARE MARTYRS SANCTIFIED
MAKE OF THESE PERFECT WITNESSES
PHYLACTERIES FAIR AND WIDE
THUS SHALT THOU COME ARRAYED TO HEAVEN
A WELL-ATTENDED BRIDE!

How long this regency, Good Lord,
When will my robe be done
WHEN ALL THE STARS ARE SEWN ON IT
THE MOON, THE EARTH, THE SUN
THEN SHALT THOU COME THE FIRST IN HEAVEN
THE FATHER'S PARAGON

BE NOT UNWILLING, HOLY CHURCH
TO BUILD MY LASTING HOUSE
I WILL COME FETCH THEE SURELY SOON
O MOST DESIRED SPOUSE!

Poikilia

THE HEAUTONTIMOROUMENOS

(The Self-Slayer)

Prelude

Spangled, Spangled Night,
To whom Oneiros brings,
Sleep the best of things,
O Starr'd and Moonèd Night.

O Lasting Toils and Grief
Impossible to bear
Death is everywhere
Past thinking, past belief.

Lack ! an Aeolian strain,
Comes to my intent ear
—Uncertainty I fear
—The Music comes again.

Uttering Linus, ah !
Linus, mournful plaint,
What time the day flowers faint,
In rays crepuscular

Sleepless song that dwelt
Within the harpist's strings
And waketh murmurings,
Not heard but felt.

Wake me, wake me not,
Slumbering in repose,
The traveller dreaming goes,
A thousand ills forgot.

The Dream

Revered, Revered Powers,
Of dread, unknown aspect
With leaves your brows are deck't.
Your path is strewn with flowers.

Swift-footed, dappled fawns,
A huntress trim and neat
Indeed pursues your feet,
But touches not your horns.

Gods ! what a fearful cry,
Pierces the steadfast dream,
And I am lost mid-stream
Or hung in jeopardy

The Nightmare

On crag of Caucasus :
Immeasurable ravines
Below me intervene
And rocks precipitous.

And now and now, I fall
Or seem to fall and think,
Wherever shall I sink
Falling, falling, not to fall.

The Harpies are at hand,
Women—yet not so
On wings they come and go,
And bird-like round me stand.

Bad faces round me swarm,
The sullen lack-fire eye
Of the hippopotami
The monstrous bestial form

Of the impious Minotaur
Of ills, O cumulus !
O fearful incubus,
Impeded breath, I draw,

And more and more accurst,
I catch and hold my breath:
In spite of mortal death,
Which happened once, I thirst.

I see, I see, the boat
Two-oared of Acheron,
And murky Phlegethon,
And Lethe more remote.

The livid, Stygian lake,
Triple brass-bound gates
The iron-visaged Fates
Ah me! when shall I wake.

Hecat's whirling scourge
Perjurer and parricide
Tartarean depth divide
And from the mud immerge

The heads and scales of some
Vipers that place begets
Injurious epithets
Sound from the ordure's scum

The brazen voice of one
Calling 'mid crash and din
At every interim
Have done! have done! have done!

Wakes me, the light I see
The aureol'd light of Day
I veil my brows and pray
Th' approaching Deity.

The Awakening

The light of heaven is sweet
Sweet it is to me,
But somewhere 'neath my feet
Bad realms are said to be.

Sing Ho! and Aelinon,
And may the good prevail,
A song equal to none
My lips this chorus hail.

O mansions of the Blest
And fields of Asphodel
I long, I pine to dwell
Where there is lasting rest.

O mighty, mighty Bliss
Past utterance, past belief,
All this is yours, and this,
If ye will but believe.

JALEP

I.

JALEP. Now thou art dead: I can exist,
Who formerly have lived not.
Having kiss'd
Thy white cheeks, and thy eyelids' sable rims,
And tearfully set round thy hueless limbs,
The woven shroud of amaranthine thread,
I left thee, firstly garlanding thy head,
With cassia-buds. And looking sadly back,
I left thee, knowing how thou wert—that thou wert dead.

II.

And now the sun shines o'er the world, although
What light thou hast, Jalep, is scant, I know,
For closed-up eyes to see, what noonday glare,
Must needs be—for thine eyes are closed up, Fair
Divine Jalep, nor shall be brast again,
Not though their darkening should cause much pain,
To many. Tho' ten midday suns were bright,
Thou hast not need of any, having sight,
Diverse from ours, and as above thy head,
A cedar lid impenetrable is spread.

But I can see, who yesterday saw not,
The sky enthroned.
Thou givest sight, being dead.

III.

So much, and now a funeral chaunt is heard,
And women mourning like the twilight bird,
Or Progne. I would well escape such woe,
Having no cause to let my sorrow flow,
From sered eyes. Last night all night I wept,
And such an hourlong, nightlong vigil kept.

Now let me haste to where in this full sun,
The maytime, and the playtime has begun,
To thee to whom this light is set and sunk,
I drop a tear, and pass : a last, a solitary one.

THE ADVOCATE

O CHILD who nurturest thy youthful face,
In beauty at the throne of Zeus,
Can mortal ask of thee some grace,
Thou might'st refuse.
Each day thou seest the long-haired 'ttirèd Sun
Sitting within his sphere
And when the days' performed hours are run
Still doth the sun appear.

The moon thou seest reigning at his side,
His sister whom we see at night,
The planets and the constellations glide,
Like germain gods before thy sight.
Whom we see only as strange figured signs,
And stars that never swerve
But each invited guest with Jove reclines,
—Whom thou dost serve.

Once thou wert shepherd on th' Idalian hills,
Delighting in a golden reed,
Now with thy beauty Jove his leisure fills,
And thou canst intercede,
For mortal men with th' Omnipotent,
Who loves thee as his Son,
Ah may the will of Powerful Jove be bent
Through thee to many a one!

MOLOSSUS

I BURN!—I burn!—Amyntas, how I burn,
Love lit a flame in me,
On which side ever shall I turn,
To compass thee.

Turn to the sacred Dyndymean grove,
Molossus, in the dusk,
Bring cinnamon, a gift to Cyprian love,
Cassia-Castalian musk.

Dead I am,—Amyntas, dead and lain,
In wave-swept sepulchre,
By Mygdonian arrows was I slain,
And darts of Pisander.

Would thou hadst loved Molossus from the first,
In Larissa of Thrace,
Their envelope my marrowed bones had burst
And rushed to thy embrace.

Dead I am Amyntas, stretched and stark,
In urn my ashes are,
And in the cypress Ethiopian dark,
Hovers my soul, a STAR.

THE FAUN

To thee I tend, to thee my soul suspires,
Dreaming a happy dream at break of day,
I saw thee where the Phrygian faun attires
His beauteous limbs in vesture of red clay
And where the marine nymphs in grottoes hide,
Their sea-green bodies from the gloating tide.

Ah ! dream, awaking, I was well aware
No garden holds thee, but the Hesperides
Or else the meads of asphodel, or where
The solemn lotophagi live at ease
And realm of Orcus, formerly a pit,
Is heaven now since heaven entered it.

THE SONG OF DATIS

THE SONG OF DATIS. On a time he made
At noonday, when he sighted
A pleasant brooklet in the shade
" How pleased I am, rejoiced and delighted "
And straight a stanza made
Composed of rustic harmonies
Nothing learned, nothing good,
How hills and dales are deities,
And every purling flood
Its guardian hath in some Bright Naiad
To whom the tawny fishes stand
In due subjection. Set on the brinks
Her comely image guards the land :
Within her own prehibited precincts—
Her watery kingdom doth those banks include
But not the groves and the adjacent wood,
Wherein the lord of all sylvan domain
PAN, promulgates and issues his decrees,
And on her borders ravages.
He would her territory delete
Or else subject her to his lawless mind :

But she from rites of love swears to abstain,
And to so large an empery disinclined
In her own little state prefers to reign.

THE SONG OF DATIS. On a time he sang,
When pomegranates ripe excited
His desire, dropping from the boughs,
" How pleased I am rejoiced and delighted "
' Now like a king can I carrouse. '

THE SONG OF DATIS. On a day he sang,
When unexpected he alighted
Into a wood-nymphs' secret grove,
" How pleased I am, and rejoiced and delighted "
" This shall be the song of Love."
Down he sat beside the Maid,
Told her of the loves of Pan,
And Echo, and the Satyrs, how began,
From the wind-egg that Nix laid
All things. How from rapturous birth
Love sprang forth and ruled the earth.

Then he pomegranates gave
And he drew her in the shade
' All is yours of what I have "
" Be mine." And this the SONG IS DATIS MADE.

THE LEUCADIAN ROCK

A SULTRY journey, ours with leaden sky
Barred o'er with yellow streaks, with cumulous,
Of purple clouds enveloped—crimson dawns,
And fiery noons pursued by violent eves
Quick-falling, full of portent, ominous.
And after three nights fled away the moon,
To chase an unknown victim under ground,
Then nights were low-lying like the coffin lid
Upon the swathed face—that thick circumference
—Suddenly vanishing, came frighting us,—

The watchers half-way thro' the stablished dark—
Vermilion Day, with glare of light and tip
Of flush to congregated clouds. And on
The fourth day rose in sight, the ancient isle,
Well-fortified, cresseted, adorn'd
Of Lerichus. And eagerly we saw,
Above the ruins the white lifted cliff,
And then the temple of the local god.
Clasping the shores with supplicatory hands,
We landed and the priestess of the place,
Meeting us bade us offer many a rite
To gain his pleasure. " Difficult, she says,
Of access is he, but these lustral boughs,
And the bright gifts ye carry should contrive
His clemency, who in this white adyte
Resides and has the right to accept or
Refuse. Come on, and first make clean your hands,
With fresh ablution from the healing spring
From Ithaca."
But prayers and gifts we gave
And called the name of Musagetes o'er,
Ten times ten thousand, all the afternoon,
Then when the sun set wth a natural glow
Of pink and gold and speck'd with heliotrope
His Amphilochian mansions opposite,
Preceded by the vested priestess forth
We went, a company of twenty-four.
The rest the damsels of the sacred choir.
And we sang hymns and waved the laurel bough
And wore upon our heads the golden veils
Of Cynthius, and upon our feet gilt shoes
Step-dancing slowly moved. And all our robes
Were like in hue to that white rock most pure
Resplendent, shining, like the foam of sea
And Sappho walking with the prophetess
Carried her golden lyre, but that was still
—No song she raised, nor when we called the name
And shouted on his kindness for response
That he should hearken . . . added she her praise

As if she doubted whom she came to trust
Or sought to gain the god by inward prayer.
And whether he has answered ye shall hear.
Just as the murmur of the wave was changed
To shriller and the sea-birds hove in sight
She bade us stay and wait until a sign
The sybil gave when we should follow on.
And see what chanc'd.
We were afraid,—the rock,—
—The temple on its jagged edge,—and begged
The keeper of the sacred rites to turn,
Desist—deflect her steps who came to die.
And she who kept the altars of the gods
Not uninstructed of her great renown
Not ignorant of the hallow'd victim's fame
Implored with prayers that she should firstly take
Consideration of the deed.
Then spoke
The Lesbian, after so long silence and
Began to say, looking toward Mitylene
" O Splendid Light of Orient Day, that comes
In many hues, to-morrow glittering come
To Lesbos beaming on my palace, shine
And on my city !
Cypris, honour'd blest,
As often thou hast answered prayer b't said,
Thou hast replied to this, nor sent away
Thy suppliant ungratified."
The rest,
We heard not, for she wrapt her garments' fold
About her face, and finsh'd thus—
And then
Reverting to the Occident that now
Lay low and reddish, with the Sea conceal'd
By Leucadia—but many an estuary
Ran in and out, far down beneath our gaze—
She looked at that with steadier eyes then gave,
Her smile unto her friends, who wept reply
And left us thus.

In silent prayer we stood,
The one and twenty damsels and myself
The Chosen Vessel of the Chosen One:
And then the signal came and we went on
A little way, but into a chang'd world.

For when we reached th' appointed place and saw
We saw—we saw, ah what a sight—the sea!
The surge, the ocean-breakers, and a roar
A loud-resounding noise, reverberate
The chorus of the booming caves and cliffs,
And that bright form dashing away. She sank
And the beholders raised a cry to heavèn
The girded priestess called out to the god
To save his victim.
Then we saw a change
The black waves broke to white foam, heavy clouds
Of surf and on the front a portent bright
A white swan sail'd away.
O wondrous change
Of th' apotheosised dead; transformed
Our Mistress hath the life of a sea bird
Endow'd with wings, and at the last a voice
To sing, revealing her identity.

EROS ANTAGONISTES

AH! STANDING ARM'D: BEND NOT THY LOOK
Bend not thy bow,
The centre of the Universe is shook,
—God is my foe—
And my good angel has forsook
His office—so—

SHORN OF THEIR JOY ARE DAYS AND NIGHTS
Thro' thee, thro' thee,

Devoid of grace and manifold delights
Satiety
Comes and I am as one who fights
Inveterately.

NOW IF THOU WOULDST BUT TURN TO ME,
In any way,
Or choose to notice or behold and see
How every day,
Ashamed and covered with contumely
I wait and pray.

FALLING BEFORE THEE ON MY FACE,
With outspread hands,
Prepared for any bad disgrace,
At thy commands
Except to flee and get me from the place,
Faithful, where stands

Thy form. NEVER WILL I DEPART
At least so long,
As in this royal park thou art
Who art so strong,
To give me the desire of my heart
Nor any wrong.

THEREFORE, BESTOW IT, AND I FLY,
First having kiss'd
Thy sandals: nor such reverence deny
Nor thanks resist
O grant it, God, nor remain my
Antagonist.

Sonnets

DEDICATION

If I forget thee in the passing years,
And that far spot which holds thy mortal part,
Thy unreceptive brain and pulseless heart
Is unreclaimed—think how that same time wears
The faded ink from treasured autograph
As water slowly dripping o'er a stone,
Obliterates the trophied epitaph,
And nothing past can we possess our own.

We have the moment only that brief space,
The opened pages of the manuscript,
And that exceeding happy fair preface,
Past days and early ; into Lethe slipt,
And in the midst some treasured golden space,
Shrining the image of a parent's face.

———

As purest tapers stand at silver shrine,
And gird the offering with a jocund glow,
So may thy spirit like a candle shine,
In whatsoever region thou mayst go,
Yet not as these in all things be the same,
Whose kindness in a misericord is spent,
Be as the lamp whose kindled, constant flame,
Before the tabernacled Sacrament

Never is darkened : but is still renewed
While torch and taper change from dark to light
It has no recess-time, no interlude,
No graduated moments, but is always bright,
A flame perennial, so mayst thou ever stand
Before the feet of God, in His own Land.

IN AGRIBUS

Now is the serene midday hour at hand,
The wind drops off: the convulsed trees suspend,
Their serious music, their black arms depend,
Upon the air: the gathered labourers stand,
Still in the fields, a cheerful waiting band,
Their bending task momentarily at end.
Nor sullenly will later toil attend
Upon the glebe of their possessed land.

Ah pleasant work! and pleasanter recess,
Done 'twixt the umber morn and pink-flushed eves,
By planting, ploughshare and the clipping shears:

A happy serviceable business,
And last his work the aged labourer leaves
Provided for against deciduous years.

COTTE MORTE

Athwart the alley glints November sun,
Into the entry one thin amber ray,
A visitor infrequent and too gay
For smoke and fog. And far too gay for one,
That in the aperture secluded lay.
Shrinking from thin gas jet an hour agone,
And now whose wretchedness is gazed upon,
By the white dawnlight of a winter's day.

—Not now—Death stark lay crowded 'gainst the wall,
Without recess or shroud or any niche,
Propped like a sprawling yard-utensil which
The user leaves to answer some near call.
And he who steals so much from people rich
Found here one body and a frock his all.

Beauty that is so brittle that it dure,
Often no longer than a rose's term,
Subject like hideous weeds to death's cesure,
Composed of dust, to mould resolved. Affirm
Who pleads his resolute significance
—Where is the beauteous face and burnished hair ?—
Who shall Time's loss within the grave repair ?—
For skull show forth transfigured countenance !

O spite of death ! O cruel lapse of years !
The one in brief deflowers young Beauty's bloom,
The other in an oubliette like a tomb,
To cold decay surpassing grandeur wears.
Glory may re-appear in printed book,
Who shall on Beauty dead and buried look !

The face of heaven changeth every day,
Often we see it vaporish and wan,
Rain comes : perhaps, these purple mists and gray,
Are harbingers of a to-morrow's sun,
And when the fiery summer comes at length,
The bullion sun melts in a Danaean shower,
When the dog-star puts forth his foisoned strength,
When men assemble in the fields in flower,

Then in my serious mind I do rejoice,
And banish eyas thoughts for winter wan,
Then with a lapwing face and swallow voice,
I chaunt a hymn not epicidean,
Who will with me make bride and love a day.
So long as summer and the swallows stay.

LA VIE PRESTIGIEUSE

The mists and rains and swelling storms have been,
The grave has closed upon his cravèd share,
Death and Senectitude, ghosts we have seen,
—Their waste a hidden virtue makes repair,
A lady hath a countenance right fair,
From this a lasting summertide we glean,
And angels wear a beauty past compare.

Ah this prestigious life! we need not grieve,
From all the fair things that therein are stored,
We can a cornucopia furnish and believe,
In heaven is complete loveliness restored.
We live in darkness but there comes a ray
And we are standing in the open day.

THE NIGHTWATCH

Angel of the Night-Watch, lonely and splendid,
Recorder of stern thoughts, beholden of those,
Who passing through vigils are not unattended
By thee, who at length will grant them repose,
Thou Healer, Restorer, Divine One, Bestower,
Possessor of Balsam, and Opiate for woes,
Thro' thee, is it, minutes and hours pass o'er,
—Time that is numbered by count of their throes,—

Who wake when the heavens are blank, when they lower,
These souls are assisted to passion and fervour,
To knowledge and control, their heavenly dower,
O Gentlest Protector, O Kindest Preserver,
Angels of Vigils, Thrice Holy, Resplendent,
Watching o'er watchers, be present, attendant.

Oh for a closer walk with God! O God,
Show me the appointed, th' exiguous way,
Where I must walk in gloom a period,
Preparatory. Extracted brief delay,
How short a moment, an unnoticed day,
Out of ten thousand and ten thousand more,
Not days, but full milleniums, O Store,
Of joy, who would not anxiously essay,

A summary toil for uninvaded ease,
An obscure evening for expanded light,
Prayers breviated for long-during praise
Some servitude, and then thyself to please,
A measured pain, immeasurable delight,
Accept the no, and get the Eternal Yeas.

O Sweet Excelling Dimness of the light,
That in the morning chapel floats and gleams,
Or else afront the coming on of night,
In rays that from St. Thomas' window streams
I lose me in a vista of long dreams
—Angels apparent do stand in my sight,
Glory on glory, prism of sunbeams,
And Blessed Souls stand out in saffron light.

It is the calmness of th' interior
The twilight chapel in the sun's solstice
That does the soul from careworn toil withdraw
To lead us where the Eternal Brightness is.
O Mortal Beauty deck'd in blue and gold,
To us dost thou Eternity uphold.

THE SUB-CONSCIOUS MIND

Below the carnage of the battle-field,
Beneath the spaced graveyards of the earth,
Beneath the glebage that the furrow yields,
Below the sown patch where the seeds have birth,
Here can the spirit burrow when thick sleep,
Covers the eyelids: and the chainèd brain,
Rests in the body's shadow: and the twain,
Fall in the pit which Pasithea and Hypnos keep.

High as the clouds that bar the sea-sky line,
Remote as Arcturus, the Fixèd Star,
Distant as the recurring comets are,
Or any far-off luminaries that shine,
—Thus far the soul subliminal can rise,—
The Himalayan heights of Paradise.

THE LAODICEAN

And if the sounds of this life were to cease
And requiescance come upon my soul,
Tho' 'tis not proven Death is constant peace
A terminus it is to thought's patrol—
Thoughts that keep eddying and swelled the veins
Sensations that the systoled heart dilate
Problems congesting the o'er-wearied brains
—A fearful living undefended state.

There is a riotous change in the affairs
Of living men which jostles to and fro
A constant repetition of small cares
A daily trade, the markets ebb and flow.
Death is a fast and changeless resting place
Sleep a respite in this short breathing space.

Thro' forms and shadows and prevailing rite,
Comes reason ever with a gibing voice,
And bids the mind that turns to dark from light,
Be certain of the motive of its choice.

And if the spirit haply should discern,
Some inner prospect from the thing set out,
With what unholy, evident, concern
Comes forth that reason and invents a doubt

And all the sudden landscape falls away
And o'er th' appearing sun depends a cloud,
There is no need for pertinent delay
These things are what—we saw they were. Allowed
Are they not other? Is 't to be believed,
Their height, their depth, their length are all perceived.

And no eye err, no mention to be made,
Of that which doth encompass objects here,
The thing they represent, that 's not displayed
But to the watchful mind is fixed and clear.
Ah wasteful thought! there is no heaven for men,
The earth is our inheritance, a clod,
Stuffed 'twixt the lips that preached erewhile of God
And to the great Assumption cried, Amen.

The voice that made the living clay take on,
A likeness to the prodigy he preached
How are these heights by mortal smallness reach'd
Can stones arise and whirl them at the sun?
Can earth see earth, and is no farther given
The view, the knowledge, yea the entry into heaven.

PAN

God of the yellow woods and purling brooks,
God of the luscious locks and glittering eye,
If in this season I could e'er descry,
Thee standing with thy sweet delusive looks,
In thy dear haunts or charmed, enchanted nooks—
Oh hast thou chanced my shepherd maid to see,
She is a maid, thou couldst not well pass by,
Yet do, O dear benignant deity!

Thorough the satyrs' haunts this morn I ran,
I traverse thy abode until the even,
And all the dryads' ruddy looks I scan,
And peer in every sweet face under heaven.
Oh! could I meet thee, shaggy wandering Pan,
Thou wouldst befriend, if any woodman can.

Ho! O Pan! habiting a wild demesne,
And hidden inaccessible deep woods,
Who lookest on the secret springs and floods,
And know'st the mystery of the unseen.
O how fresh thy kingdom is and green!
And thy sweet subjects nymphs and dryad maids,
Coming just now, I saw a young faun lean,
'Gainst yon arbute to watch adown the glades

Where hide the graceful Dry'ds in cheerful sport;
Then came a satyr savage and uncooth,
Peered from a beech and chased th' imprudent youth,
The Hamadryad in a twinkling caught.
Oh should my nymph become a satyr's prev,
No comfort should I find or night or day.

THE SUNFLOWER

Ah! SUNFLOWER THAT COUNTEST THE STEPS OF THE SUN
In brilliant hours and a sequestered park,
Whose sun is added with aphelion,
When the unseen hands of absolute dark,
Close up thy counting house, thou canst translate,
Thy face from figures and the huge machine,
And in the long opaque that intervenes,
The office of thy rest commemorate.

And when the certain Master of the Day,
Return: thou canst revolve with dew-washed face,
And take thy slate and his long business trace,
For work to men and flowers comes after play,
Refreshingly: then why did English Blake,
Make such a threnody for thy poor sake?

BLACK EARTH

DEAD am I and laid 'neath churchyard stone,
This was my flesh that now is meadow sweet
That crop of violets in yon patch alone,
Purpling, my wedded wife was. At my feet
A crowd of gilded paigles dance and play
My little son is there. The passing air,
Will blow their bloom to dust—so in a day,
He fell. Those pacquerettes are my daughters fair.

So in the churchyard thrive a hundred blooms,
Bearing as many names. To men likewise
Wayfaring planet or new moon assumes
Nomenclature unknown in Paradise.
These that you think are roots and weeds, in Heaven
Are men to whom their first name is re-given.

The dead repose, in clay made graves they rest
And over them the flow'rs spring up and live,
And though the dead may never raise their breast
Yet little flowers and useless weeds may thrive.
But after Winter, Resurrection Day
'Tis of the flowers, we say who lift their head
But still the dead embedded are in clay
Though many weary prayers for them be said.
Withoutan any prayer, flowers quickly rise
Over the bones of one sincerely loved,
Not rain, from any tear-distilling eyes
Need they, nor that the soul of aught be moved.
More than the skill of mourners can devise
The black earth all their sustenance supplies.

No fear have I of Mother Earth ; no dread,
Of roots ; the hidden sources of the seed,
Those beauteous blossoms rangèd in a bed
Of that damp underworld have primal need.
Upon its chilly moist and dew they 're fed
Till in due season on their stalks they speed
Upwards with many a variegated head
Of roseate blooms : likewise do fruit and weeds.

Thus do interrèd bones make beauteous blooms,
And out of flesh, the spotted marigolds
Have I seen rising o'er neglected tombs,
And so dead names are presently recalled.
So withered skull the greenest verdure holds
And makes a whole patch glitter emerald.

THINKING of thee, upon a dated time,
When mersed in shadow and invading doubt,
By fears extravasating turned about,
I ask of all devouring cormorant time,

Wilt thou eat all things up and leave no trace,
Of what to-day seems permanent and new,
Shall I who hold ostensible a face,
Some day but fading lineaments enview."

O change of comely flesh to verdigris,
O change of Presence to long Banishment
Not this, not this, not this, not all of these
Shall shake from me the trust of thy advent

I look for thee, not flesh or substance now,
But these transformed, ask not nor question how!

O Polypus of Death! foul evil growth,
That doth not spring at night in spongy ground
But in the morning and the evening both
With Loveliness and Innocence art found,
Ah Beauty! brittle vain as crystal glass,
And shining too, behold Death looks at thee,
Ah turn, lest he thy frailty should see
Look not and stir not, so he safely pass.

But Beauty turned and at the spectre gazed
And Death knelt down and greeted with a kiss,
Such virtue and integrity he praised
And saw therein his apotheosis
—" Let me this goodness and perfection have.
And I shall longest live in Beauty's grave.

No fear have I of mother earth, no dread,
Of what is hidden from the unseeing eye,
Glorious the stars are shining overhead,
—Sunk in the day to sweet euthanasy,
These variegated flowers beneath us spread,
Fulfil the process of a sequency,
These that are dew, those that are naptha-fed,
Have the same source and the same destiny.

I do not fear to be where seeds are set,
Than I desire where constellations rise,
For Suns the glory of the flowers beget,
And both are equal spread before our eyes,
Who cannot learn from this consistency,
Gains naught from gazing on the Galaxy.

Relentless Power, more shining than the Sun,
More distant, flagrant, and more vulnerable,
Thy apparition unto many a one,
Incendious Light, brings grief unutterable.
I, formerly, was an inhabitant,
Of Friendship's clear, pellucid, double Star,
Now thou com'st formidable, attendant,
With meteors and comets and the jar

Of golden strings untuned and jangled chords,
Wings fluttering round my eyes and mists of fire,
And oft remembered, oft-repeated words
And sighs and unconsummated desire,
And looks that mean—and mean not—eloquence,
Spoke and unspoke, past thought, past dreams, past sense.

THE INVISIBLE (Irregular).

O CERTAIN VISIBLE EXTRANEOUS WORLD
We see thee, something know of thy estate
O Palpable, and Real and Balanced World
Thy heaving Bosom's red diastolé
Alternate purple of its systolé
Beat out a time and in our sight dilate
There is a roar quotidien of thy wheels
As turn the axes of thy huge machinery.

O ARCHETYPAL PROTOTYPIC WORLD
Thou art amid us and we see thee not
Thou art within us and we hear thee not
Thou art the Real, the True, the Only World
This is an Exposition of thee
Thou art its life, its fulness, its entirety.

GALATIANS II. 10

O SWEET Command of the three circumscised
Unto their fellow in the heathen land
Better than larger letters that demand
Or fierce epistle Tarsan Paul revised.
Better than closest clasp of loving hand
Or dear embrace of apostolic heart
" Quickly to Gentile pillory depart
And all day long before the persecutor stand."

" Remember only " runs the brief request
" We would that thou shouldst bear in mind the poor "
Ah ! Pastor Bone, of all maxims best
Keep this in mind, replenishing thy cure
This is the Church's shining theurgy—
" In this poor beggar thou reclaimest Me "

TEARS in the heart and tears upon the eyes,
Believe me, Precious, are not composite,
So if I weep not, nor rain dewey sighs,
Nor wear a countenance all bleached and white,
It is not love, that I love thee the less,
But that the well of passion deeper lies,
And at its depth hath more of tenderness.
. . . For that which sudden blooms, most sudden dies.

Thee would I worship in another wise,
Not tell it every minute, nor each hour,
Thou 'twere to lap my soul in Eden's bower,
And catch my spirit into Paradise.
I would choose wait a consummation slower
And see Love ripen like an opening flower.

Passion hath votaries, but thou hast none,
Thou silent icon, cloistered in a cell,
Love and Affection flaunt them in the sun,
Unto the few thy secrets dost thou tell,
And such of mortals who by listening well,
Learn and perceive the marvels thou hast done
Securely sheltered, gently nurtured one,
Involve us in thy wonder-woven spell.

Reserved wealth: abstracted clear delight
That stirreth not the soul of every one,
What angel art thou wondrously bedight,
What splendid Star, what planet-whirling sun,
The heavens are full of extraneous light
But in the mind thou are a meteor bright.

JAPANESE

O KWANNON, if at thy ungarnished shrine,
Ever I come with mochi offerings sweet,
Unto my supplications now incline,
And touch her heart, that it may only beat
For me . . . such other gifts unto thy feet
Merciful Kwannon, will I hastening bring
Fruit and the amazache offering.
But rise, O Goddess, from thy hallowed seat.

If thou wilt but the painted panels slide,
Beautiful Kwannon, now I hear her sing,
To the sad koto notes, O pass inside,
Before me, Kwannon, tho' all fluttering,
He whom the mighty gods attend,
Cannot a lady howso proud offend.

O Mortal Body, dwelling here a day,
O Soul, abiding in a tracèd sphere,
O Spirit, passing swiftly from its clay,
O Life with Death for other hemisphere,

O Living Soul set in a rangèd house,
And in a suburb, circumscribed, obscure,
The sacrificed of the reiterate nows,
Glimpsing through fog the distant cynosure,

And hath its destined harbour in a land,
Distant as the blind stellar systems are,
The ministering angels at thy portals stand,
And o'er our heads will pass the great Day Star,

O living Creature, Death upon thee waits,
And Life with Death for ever alternates.

Ah! Wanderer, Earth, I mean, the ether-borne,
Measuring with me an intermediate track
In heaven, when was thy circumference drawn
When from thy double arc wilt thou come back,
Ever? How was thy journal race begun,
How long with me, without me, wilt thou go,
Among the close associates of the sun
Art thou inanimate, or dost thou know?

Tell me the stars have no progenitors,
The moon no mother, not the wandering earth,
A parent; nor does the great sun give birth
To his dependants. Than this there is a cause
Other why these phenomena appear,
The same cause mainly that they 'll disappear.

A PLEA FOR REALISM

It is the things that are exterior
Those which the senses touch too thrill the soul
And blind are they who close and lock the door
On Nature which a part is of the whole.
And if observe, we will not hold in thought
The outward form, how soon will pass away
The inner meaning. Who shall say
That circumstance and incident are naught?

And if 'twere so—that to externals sealed
We see the Best with unmaterial eyes
And always to the mind is this revealed
Tell us, for us, what significance lies
In such, who hungering feeds on phantom bread
Who comes to earth again, when once he 's dead?

AUTUMN

Where are the leaves apparelling the trees,
Lo! a dank carpet is beneath my feet
And where are the soft sounds that in the breeze,
Murmured in warmer days a music sweet.
'Mid ruined branches is a hoarser sound,
There is a greenish sedge upon the brook,
And all about the miry dripping ground,
The remnants of the brighter days are shook.

It is no joy the image of the dead,
To look upon, nor is there happiness,
In Autumn's season of unstableness,

To see the festal robes of summer spread.
Before us soiled and torn, O heaviness!
Cold days and longer nights my mind oppress.

L. T. C. P.

Lo! as we talked of mundane things and went,
In earthly ways, unheedful, full of bread,
One who with us so far had travelled,
Now ceased his journey and in banishment
Passed from our number. Then was it that eyes,
Holden before were opened and in part we knew
What unto us was hidden hitherto
And what shall be entire at God's Assize.

The three companions on the Emmaus road,
Walking with Jesus, could not straightly know,
Their Blest Deliverer, but felt a glow,
Such Happiness that Affluence bestowed.
And thou art with us, as our thoughts inclin'd
Tremble with knowledge and suffuse the mind.

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